

World Nation

Peoples Dwelling Together as One Nation

By ADA MAY KRECKER

PROF. STANLEY JEVONS has been most famous perhaps as a historian. But he is fated to become quite as celebrated as a prophet. He founds his prophecies on his history and in that way deduces them as logical and natural and inevitable sequences from his premises. They are the answers to puzzles, the answers to problems in arithmetic.

They are the calculations of an astronomer who fixes the course of comets thousands of years before the destined date of their visible arrival, although the professor most evidently expects his predicted phenomena to sweep over the heavens far within the period of a thousand years. And that although they are far stranger and rarer than comets. Indeed in his latest vision he foresees what never has been. And that is a world state, a world nation.

The Bible talks of all peoples dwelling together as one nation. Professor Jevons believes it. He has outlined the sort of government that will rule the world state. And he has found the names for the officials, and he has predicted a world executive, the literal king of the earth. And he believes there will be such a sovereign within the next eighty years. He finds the beginnings of him and his cabinet in the petty officials connected with The Hague tribunal and the outgrowths of The Hague peace conferences.

Some international government officials exist now. And they have existed for years. Only they work so silently and unobtrusively that no one knows about them. But the significance of their position is not discounted by its quiet and non-notoriety. Rather, it is glorified.

Besides of course people are growing friendlier. Good will on earth is realizing as we all become more and more cosmopolitan. At the time of the world's fair in Chicago there was a children's congress which Mary Mapes Dodge conducted with her delightful grace. She introduced the late Hezekiah Butterworth, who read a poem in honor of the children of the United States.

He explained that that was the second poem he had written for the day. The first had been dedicated to the children of New England, his own home. But some one had upbraided him for choosing so small a theme. He remodeled his verses and inscribed them to the children of the whole nation.

Overweening love of country is ceasing to be a virtue among the ethically modern, among the ethical elite. They prefer worldism, cosmopolitanism. They have evolved beyond the thought of the "bloody far-riener." Foreigner and native alike are desirable citizens. Somebody has written on patriotism as a primitive ideal. The civilized and cultured prefer the world state.



Various Ways of Stingy Lover

By ELIZABETH BERNARD

of your guests.

If a man does not want to spend a dime in car fare he ought not to share the pleasures of the other guests. A man certainly owes something to his hostess and should not consider the acceptance of a party invitation the granting of a favor on his part.

Indeed, he is the one favored and should have enough courtesy at least after the event to spend 2 cents for a stamp, saying: "I enjoyed myself."

Some men are always talking about how much cheaper it is for a girl to entertain her friends than for a man.

They are always bragging about the amount of money they spend, but one never sees them spend it. They feel very much abused when they get the mitten.

I have heard of people of this sort who went to see their best young woman friends on Christmas and New Year's days without even a box of candy.

Then they "wonder why the girls let mother entertain them."

Some "Jimmies" have a habit of dropping in informally about meal time, just as some Genevieves do.

Then they wonder why a girl turns them down hard when they propose.

Texan Scores Hobble Skirt as Hideous

By CAPT. WILLIAM G. DOAK
of San Saba County, Texas

Out on the big cattle ranges of the Southwest it is the common practice of the nestor or cowboy, when he makes his camp for the night, to put hobbles on his work horses or saddle ponies.

There's a reason. With the hobbles on, the animals are so impeded in their walk that they can cover but a little distance, even in the course of an entire night, and the owner goes serenely to his slumbers, knowing that his beasts will be in range of his vision on his awakening.

The restraining thongs, attached only to the forelegs, do not prevent them from cropping the rich prairie grass, but effectually hinder their straying to a great distance from camp.

Now, of all ungainly, ungraceful looking objects on earth, I put a hobbled horse, or rather did up to this day, when my eyes for the first time beheld a hobbled woman.

For the first time in my existence, my friend, I am brought to realize that woman, the fairest, most beautiful of all created things, could by her own act transform herself into a most hideous and repellent phenomenon.

How can there be grace without ease and freedom of movement?

A hobbled woman ought to be taken out and shown the limp and hobbled hop of a hobbled horse, and I honestly believe that one look would cause her to change her skirts.

QUEER OLD JAP RELIC

CARVING SAID TO BE ONE THOUSAND YEARS OLD.

Wondrous Scene Engraved on Piece of Sandalwood Depicts Combat at Sea—Confiscated by a British Soldier.

Nearly one thousand years ago a Jap, crafty with such knives and tools as existed at that time, carved a wondrous scene from a solid piece of sandalwood four feet long and a foot square. Today that carving stands in the office of Albert V. Huth, county tax assessor. It belongs to Ernest Feille.

A history, written in quaint Japanese characters, twisted topsy-turvy on a sheet of equally curious rice paper, goes with the carving. This sheet is still in possession of the party from whom young Feille bought the antique. Even if it were in his possession, a linguist would be needed to translate it. This, however, is going to be done in the near future, when the real history of the old carving will be known.

Many have puzzled to say exactly what is sought to be shown. There is a night of a turbulent sea, with waves mountain high, two high prowed sampans locked together and the crews fighting in grim style. A man is overboard, but the combatants are paying no heed. One sampan is almost rail deep in the sea, but the sturdy defenders are fighting as though on terra firma.

Traditional history says the carving was done in the year 954. During the Boxer uprising, when the strong arm of Britain was needed to subjugate malecontents bent on destruction of life and property, the quaint old relic saved a human life. A British soldier, sent on a mission whose end was death to anyone he found within a certain house, entered, but found all absent except one. This one he placed under arrest, but in the act of putting on the iron his attention was caught by the old carving. Stopping for a moment to examine it, he was surprised upon turning toward his captive to discover that he had frown. Had the man been taken to headquarters he would have been shot.

The soldier confiscated the relic and carried it with him. Later he presented it to a commanding officer and the latter sent it to a friend in the American army at Manila. Then it was finally brought to the United States when the Philippine insurrection was subdued. It went from San Francisco to New York and then drifted south, reaching San Antonio several years ago as the property of an American officer. Recently there was an auction of old things and this went with the balance.—San Antonio Light and Gazette.

Thirty New Species of Fish.

The wilds of Africa are just beginning to be accessible to the naturalist. The country is sufficiently broken in the interior now to allow a man to study at his leisure without the constant horror of the unknown hanging over him. The latest expedition into the Anlofa country of West Africa has brought forth 20 new species of fish hitherto entirely unknown to the scientific world. Dr. W. J. Ansorge brought back to the British museum more than 1,000 specimens of all, and of course, the vast ichthyological world still unexplored lies as a tempting bait to other students since the possibilities of the dark continent are just beginning to be appreciated.

When it becomes possible to explore methodically every corner of the great interior the biologists, mineralogists, and all the others in the field of science will doubtless make finds that will supply material for volumes.

Another Theory Knocked Out.

"You say there's nothing in environment?"

"Yes, sir. I insist that it's the individual, and not his surroundings. If a man is going to be great he'll be great in spite of everything."

"Well, now, wait a minute. You used to be considered quite an important figure down in the little old home town, didn't you?"

"I am proud to say that everybody thought well of me there."

"You're just as great now as you were then, aren't you?"

"I hope I'm a good deal greater than I was then."

"Well, you see it all depends on environment," as I said. There you were somebody; here you have to get some one to identify you when you want to cash a check for \$5."

"Now, there's where you're dead wrong, old man. I know a bartender who always cashes my checks without a kick."

Wanted Epitaph to Endure.

Edmond de Goncourt, the French novelist, admitted that he worked with an eye to his epitaph, and he wanted the epitaph to endure for a long time. He records in his journal that "the thought that the world may perish, may not last forever, is one which occasionally fills my mind with gloom. I should be defrauded by the destruction of this planet, for I have written only in the hope of eternal fame. A reputation lasting 10,000, 20,000, even 100,000 years, would be a poor return for the pains I have taken, the privations I have suffered, under these conditions it would have been better to lounge aimlessly through life, dreaming and smoking bay time away."

STENOGRAPHERS IN OLD ROME

Even Poets Had Them in the Early Days, but They Were Slaves.

Most of us are accustomed to think of the stenographer as a product of very modern conditions. As a matter of fact, however, the profession was followed as long ago as the days of the Roman empire. Poets, who are laughed at nowadays for having private stenographers, had them in the fourth century of our era, and Professor Cole of Columbia university, in a paper on "Later Roman Education," now translates into English for the first time the very complimentary address of the poet Ausonius to his stenographic assistant. Many a modern business man might say the same thing, although in less poetic diction.

"Slave," says Ausonius, "skilful master of swift notes, come hither. Open the double page of thy tablets, where a great number of words, each expressed by different notations, is written like a single word. I go through great volumes; and like dense hail the words are hurled from my noisy lips, but thine ears are not troubled, nor is thy page filled. Thy hand, scarcely moving, flies over the surface of the wax."

"I wish my mind had as swift a flight as thy right hand when it anticipates my words. Who, pray, has betrayed me? Who has told you what I was just meditating about saying? How does your winged right hand steal the secrets of my inmost thoughts?"

If we remember that in the fourth century people wrote with sharp points on wax instead of with pens on paper, the picture suggested by Ausonius and his stenographer is surprisingly like that of the business man in his office dictating a letter. The greatest difference is that Ausonius' stenographer was a slave, and the modern stenographer an independent young woman who earns her own living.—Youth's Companion.

An Execution in the South.

Hall stood as motionless as the trunk of an oak. A man will show nervousness with a twitch of the lips, a roll of the eyes, or, if in no other way, with his hands; but I was just behind him, and not a finger of his bound hands moved. The sheriff was a very tender hearted man and a very nervous one, and the arrangements for the execution were awkward. Two upright beams had to be knocked from under the trap-door, so that it would rest on the short rope noose that had to be cut before the door would fall. As each of these was knocked out the door sank an inch and the suspense was terrible. The poor wretch must have thought that each was the one that was to send him to eternity. But not a muscle moved. All was ready, at last, and the sheriff cried, in a loud voice:

"May God have mercy on this poor man's soul!" and struck the rope with a common hatchet. The black-capped apparition shot down and the sheriff ran, weeping, out of the door of the box.—From "Blue-Grass and Rhododendron" by John Fox, Jr.

Unhealthy Spot for Grave.

Whitehead Reid tells a story about two friends of his who removed from New York and purchased a home in a Massachusetts village. One of their first visits was to the cemetery. "We must select a burial lot," the husband remarked. "Life is uncertain, and we had better attend to it at once." The wife agreed, and chose a site on a hill overlooking a beautiful lake. But the husband objected. "No, Ann; it's too much of a hill to climb. Let's look down toward the lake." These lots pleased Ann even better than those more elevated. "Here, Frederick," she said, "let's decide upon one of these." Frederick looked at her in some surprise. "Why, Ann," he replied, "I did think you had better judgment. I shouldn't think of being buried in this low, marshy place. It's the unhealthiest spot in the whole cemetery."

She Know Her Own Father.

There is a dainty five-year-old girl who is the delight of a fashionable apartment hotel in West Philadelphia. Much association with grown people has given her many serious little ways which contrast strongly with her tender years.

Of late she has been saving her pennies to buy a birthday present for her father, and as the time draws near she has been much in doubt as to what she should get.

Recently she was in a street car with her mother when an inspiration came.

"I know what I'll buy father for his birthday," she said.

All the passengers smiled at her eagerness and listened indulgently to hear what she might say. Looking at her mother she said, so audibly as to be embarrassing:

"I'll buy him a bottle of beer."

One of the Real D. A. R.

Mrs. Mary Briggs Mitchell of North Scituate, Mass., is now ninety-seven years of age and is one of the few surviving real Daughters of the Revolution. She has 14 great-grandchildren, which shows pretty conclusively that she has seen a great deal of life.

A Temporary Truce.

"Still agitating for the suffrage, my dear?"

"Well, just at present I'm trying to get my husband to buy me a pony coat."

The ONLOOKER

By WILBUR D. NESEBIT

The Flower



Son, there was a flower growing way out on the plain, knowing no companions but the sunshine and the rain. And the wind that romped with it, then hurried on its way— Even winds, you see, must do their work as well as play.

So this flower grew and grew—and not a soul to see; No one watched it day by day, except perhaps a bee. Would come to flick its honey board; and yet the flower bloomed! And the air about it was an air that was perfumed.

Still, it seems a useless task—the flower was as fair As the blossoms that are fit to deck a lady's hair. And it's just as hard to grow and blossom on the plain As in haughty gardens where the very grass is vain.

But one day a pilgrim came, and saw this flower nod. And thereafter he was glad that lonely path he trod. Glad because away off there in that lone, silent place He had found a flower of such beauty and such grace.

Son, this life for all of us is just a mighty plain Where we have our work to do in sunshine or in rain— What if we give up and quit because there's none to see? If the flowers would, how many flowers would there be?

USEFUL HINTS.

To drive red ants out of granulated sugar, place a sack of pulverized sugar near. They like the pulverized better. Those who do not like the taste of fried cucumbers will find that a few drops of coal oil in the dish will effectively disguise the flavor.

Do not throw away your panama hat simply because you have worn it for eight or nine years. Somebody may find it and bring it back. Turn it.

A prompt diagnosis of a felon on the finger is to let it rest on a table while some one accidentally drops a heavy book upon it. If you swear promptly and fluently it is a felon.

If your back aches after an hour's weeding in the garden, take a silver dollar and talk confidentially to a stout colored man.

If the heels of your shoes run over on the outside, wear the right shoe on the left foot and vice versa for a few days. This will equalize the wear on the heels.

Several correspondents ask if there is any way of having new heads put on old matches. Probably some of our readers can give us some information on this point.

Prob'ly.

"While I am willing to concede that there may be people living on the other stars," says the man with the tremendous whiskers, "while I may concede that for the sake of argument, how do you explain the matter of the stars that are dark? How do you account for some of the stars making no light at all?"

"Well," answers the man with the unobtrusive ears, "maybe there's a gas combine on them that has hoisted up the price so that none of the inhabitants can afford to use the stuff."

A Dodger.

"I understand, Mr. Bingo," says the gentleman with the quizzical air and the optimistic smile, "that you are a man who is strongly opposed to the practice some people have of telling their troubles—that, in fact, you will almost run away from such folk."

"Well, yes," replies Mr. Bingo, edging off, "and I'm getting so that I dodge the man who is always telling how he never tells his troubles, too."

Blighted.

"Believe me, Mr. Rimer, I am truly sorry to say 'No!'"

"I'm awfully sorry you feel that you must reject me. Don't you know your first name is such a splendid one to rhyme things with?"

The Anti-Darwinian.

"Are you frightened, Jocko?" "No. I am simply horrified to think that we might evolve into anything like that."

Michael Nesbit

Rich and Costly Furs

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TWO WORLD FAMED GRANNIES

One of These Talented Women is Sarah Bernhardt and the Other Ellen Terry.

Two famous grandmothers are distinguished visitors of this country. Referring to these talented ladies the Rochester Post Express says: "One of the grandmothers is Mme. Sarah Bernhardt; the other is Ellen Terry. Both actresses have reached an age when it is permissible to retire from active life; but the French actress is said to be as energetic as a woman half her age, while Ellen Terry is declared to be as young as ever she was in the palmy days when she and Henry Irving ruled the theatrical world of England. Miss Terry has retired from the stage so far as acting is concerned, and has taken to lecturing on Shakespeare's heroines. And who could do better than she who has played so many of the womanly women of the great dramatist? Readers of her breezy biography know what she thinks of Portia, Beatrice, Viola, Rosalind and other famous women of the tragedies and comedies, but no printed page could charm as does the wonderfully expressive features and the velvet voice of the greatest living English-speaking actress."

THE JOCLER CLERK.



Customer (in grocery store)—Are those eggs on that counter fresh?

Clerk—Yes, ma'am.

Customer—How long have they been laid?

Clerk—I laid them there myself, ma'am, 20 minutes ago.

Why Kick?

Louis Wisna, the Newark artist, wore a gloomy look on his usually cheerful face.

"It has just struck me," he said to Charles Strasse, "that my shoes don't cost me as much as my youngsters'." "Then what are you complaining about?" asked Strasse.

Which Is the Star?

"We are thinking of putting an electric sign over the church."

"It might be a good idea."

"But there are factions. We can't decide whether to feature the minister or the soprano of the choir."

EAGER TO WORK.

Health Regained by Right Food.

The average healthy man or woman is usually eager to be busy at some useful task or employment.

But let dyspepsia or indigestion get hold of one, and all endeavor becomes a burden.

"A year ago, after recovering from an operation," writes a Michigan lady, "my stomach and nerves began to give me much trouble."

"At times my appetite was voracious, but when indulged, indigestion followed. Other times I had no appetite whatever. The food I took did not nourish me and I grew weaker than ever."

"I lost interest in everything and wanted to be alone. I had always had good nerves, but now the merest trifle would upset me and bring on a violent headache. Walking across the room was an effort and prescribed exercise was out of the question."

"I had seen Grape-Nuts advertised, but did not believe what I read at the time. At last when it seemed as if I was literally starving, I began to eat Grape-Nuts."

"I had not been able to work for a year, but now after two months on Grape-Nuts I am eager to be at work again. My stomach gives me no trouble now, my nerves are steady as ever, and interest in life and ambition have come back with the return to health."

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.